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[THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, MARCH 7, 1945]

# The TATLER

and **BYSTANDER**

Vol. CLXXV. No. 2280

London  
March 7, 1945



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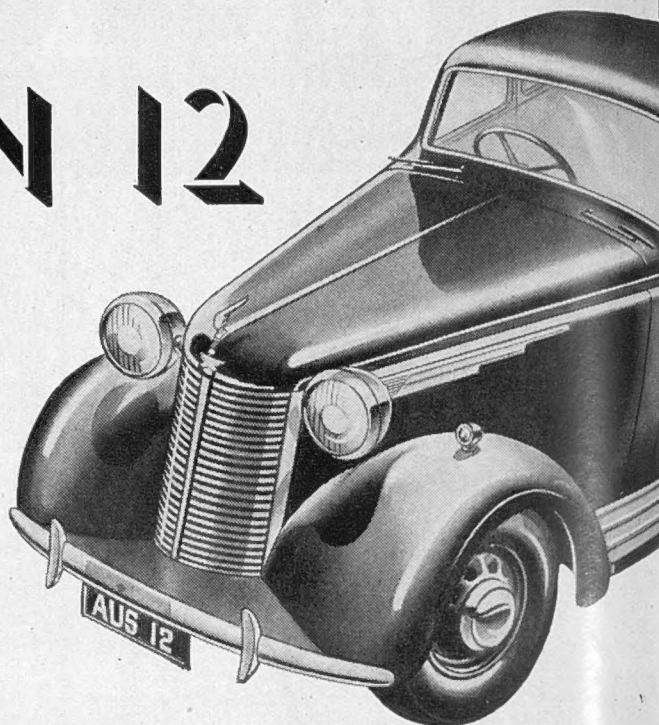
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# THE TATLER

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Hay Wrightson

Serving in the F.A.N.Y.:  
The Hon. Diana Selater-Booth

The eldest of Lord and Lady Basing's three daughters, the Hon. Diana Selater-Booth is twenty years of age. She joined the F.A.N.Y. in July, 1943, and is now a lance-corporal. Her father, who succeeded to the Barony in 1919, was formerly in the 1st Dragoons, and served for four years in France and Belgium during the last war. Her mother is a daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Erle Benson





*Combined Operations in Burma: Landing on Ramree Island*

*Lieutenant-General Sir Alexander Christison, Commander of the 15th Indian Corps, and Air Commodore the Earl of Bandon, in charge of air support at the Combined Operations landing on Ramree Island, waded ashore together. Troops were landed there in January, following concentrated R.A.F. and Naval bombardments*

*A few hours after the landing on the island, troops of the 26th Indian Division under Major-General C. E. M. Lomax, D.S.O., M.C., were a thousand yards inland. Here is General Lomax with some of the villagers who came out of hiding places as the British troops advanced*



## WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

### Aim

THE vital importance of the present offensive which has been launched from the west cannot be overemphasized. General Eisenhower has told us that its immediate aim is to deprive Germany of the industrial resources of the Ruhr and Saar, which, added to the loss of Silesia to the Russians, can make it difficult, if not ultimately impossible, for the enemy to continue organized resistance on the scale demanded by modern warfare. Thus, as the momentum of the offensive grows, and providing that the weather remains favourable for the full employment of Allied air power, the length of the war can be shortened appreciably. But General Eisenhower was too wise to commit himself to any prophecy. He was content to say that he anticipated very hard fighting.

On the other hand, we can assume that from now on there will be no pause in the punches by which the Allied armies intend to smash the Germans west of the Rhine; and plenty of surprises when they begin to make their way to the centre of Germany to join hands with the Russians. Not until this joining has been achieved, says General Eisenhower, can we expect the Germans to crack. It is this cracking of German military strength by a series of co-ordinated blows which is more important than the capture of Berlin, psychologically vital as that might yet prove to be.

### Warning

PROOF of General Eisenhower's assertion that German strength and morale are lower than ever was furnished simultaneously by Hitler. He told his old Nazi comrades that "the historical turning point of the war would come this year." He did not say how, or by what means. This was left to his comrades to imagine for themselves. They cannot, however,

have been inspired by his exhortation that they must fight suicidally or perish. Hitler delivered this dose of cold comfort in a message to the Nazi Party on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the formulation of the Nazi programme. This is the programme which has caused Germany great suffering, has lifted her people to heights of exhilaration as one country after another came under their domination, and is now casting them down into the depths of their deepest depression. Hitler must find it difficult to maintain his fanatical faith. The hour of his fate is approaching.

### Peak

MR. CHURCHILL had little to say about military matters in the course of his speech to Members of the House of Commons on the Crimea Conference. He did manage to give one important flash-back to the past. It was that the peak period of the war in Europe had been prolonged for a good many more months than had been anticipated. In other words Mr. Churchill was admitting the truth of the reports that in the Allied High Command there had been high officers who had expected the war to be over last autumn. The fact that this has turned out to be wrong is responsible for the present shipping problem which faces the Allies, and was admitted by Mr. Churchill. In addition to the war in Europe being prolonged, the peak, or the climax, of the war against Japan has been brought nearer. Instead of one peak period fading out or dovetailing into the other, there is now an overlapping of the two wars on the opposite sides of the world, with the result that the Allies are more hard-pressed by shipping shortages than at any time in this war.

As Mr. Churchill was able to point out, this shipping shortage will produce continued hardships in several directions. It will be necessary

to keep the armies in France fully supplied; he will insist that this island base in which we live must maintain an adequate supply of military necessities; and therefore the claims of the liberated countries of Europe, where there is suffering and starvation, cannot be satisfied immediately, although every effort will be made to meet their needs. Finally, the shipping problem is certain to mean that any hope of a restoration of the basic petrol ration in Britain must recede. There will be no basic petrol ration for the Easter holidays as many people expected, for the Government have decided that they cannot make this concession until hostilities have ended on the Continent.

### Offer

THE plan to create a broader-based Government in Poland which the Three Powers could recognize was bound to cause some anxiety in the House of Commons. Mr. Churchill did his utmost to allay these anxieties, as did Mr. Eden. But the biggest surprise, and one which demonstrates the warmth and generosity of the Prime Minister's personality, was his offer to all Poles to obtain citizenship of the British Empire after the war, if they should desire it. Mr. Churchill declared that the British Government could never forget the debt they owed to the Polish troops who fought so valiantly under British Command. "So far as we are concerned we should think it an honour to have such faithful and valiant warriors dwelling among us as if they were made of our own blood." The Prime Minister had to be careful in the phrasing of his offer, as the Dominions Governments have yet to be consulted. It is clear, however, that it is Mr. Churchill's intention to make a formal declaration on this matter in the near future.

### Hint

IF anybody has ever doubted who Mr. Churchill will nominate to succeed him as leader of the Conservative Party and, in certain circumstances, Prime Minister, he must have been set at rest after reading his eulogy of Mr. Anthony Eden. In his most generous manner, Mr. Churchill said that Mr. Eden has been a great aid and comfort to him. But it was more from the fact that Mr. Churchill went out of his way to describe Mr. Eden's career that politicians were impressed. He referred to Mr. Eden's hard life as a young man in the



last war, his self-preparation for his political career, his experience as a Minister at the Foreign Office, and his knowledge of foreign affairs which had given him his breadth of view, and above all, his moral courage to which Mr. Churchill drew attention. It is typical of Mr. Churchill to praise those who work with him, but politicians felt that there was something more in it on this occasion. Obviously Mr. Eden is going to be an important figure at the coming General Election. His standing in the country is almost equal to that of Mr. Churchill, and he has youth on his side. It is, indeed, remarkable that a young man should have had such experience, which includes twenty-one years in Parliament.

#### Visitor

THERE have been complaints that London has not had the opportunity of welcoming foreign statesmen, and that international conferences are now held outside these islands, whereas before it was common for important deliberations to be held here. Some politicians have been inclined to blame Mr. Churchill for this fact. They regard it as an indication that Britain is nothing more than a junior partner in the "Big Three." I do not agree. The circumstances of the war and the difficulties of communication have made it impossible for international consultations in London, not to mention the vulnerability of the capital to

enemy attack. After the war I am certain that London will have its share of international conferences. It is now regarded as certain that President Roosevelt will visit London in the late spring. Whether Marshal Stalin will be one of our honoured guests is conjectural, but he has a standing invitation to come, and has told Mr. Churchill that when circumstances permit, he would like to do so.

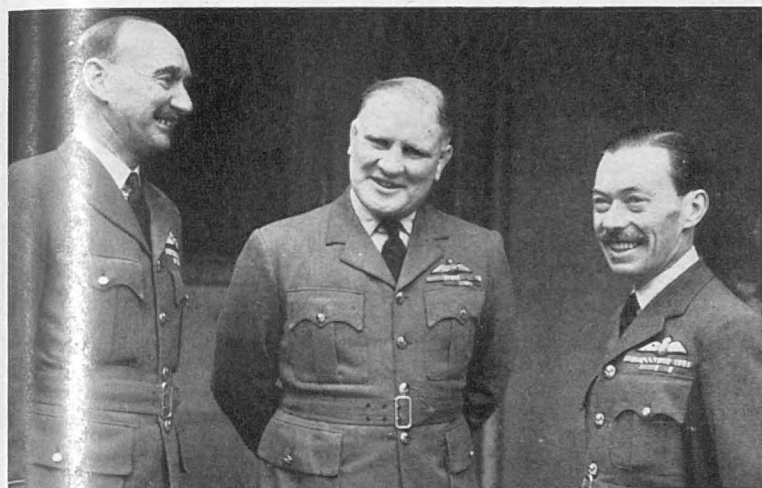


Colonel Brooke-Taylor, who was awarded the C.B.E., went to the Palace to receive his decoration from the King. He left the investiture with his wife and son

The visit of M. George Bidault, the French Foreign Minister, was the first indication that before very long London and Paris will resume their important roles as diplomatic centres. M. Bidault's health has not been of the best lately, but he found no difficulty in making a flying visit to see Mr. Anthony Eden and to discuss with him developments arising out of the Crimea Conference. The French Foreign Minister is small in stature, always neatly dressed, and has a nimble mind. His responsibilities at the Quai d'Orsay are no sinecure. On him has fallen the task of rebuilding the French diplomatic service, and organizing this important department of State.

#### Return

ONE of his last engagements before Dr. Edouard Benes started on his journey homewards was to lunch with Mr. Churchill. Dr. Benes is going to Moscow first and then, as his country is freed, he will eventually make his way to Prague. Of all the Allied statesmen in exile Dr. Benes has been the most consistently optimistic. He came to this country late in 1938, when Czechoslovakia was overrun, and has remained here to see the rise of Hitler's Greater Germany and to watch its gradual decline. When finally he reaches Prague, Dr. Benes will submit himself to re-election as the first statesman of his country because he says that he is "an undying and persistent democrat."



Air Vice-Marshal Porter, of Technical Training Command, received the O.B.E.; Air Commodore George Beamish, the Irish Rugby international, was made a Commander of the Bath, and Air Vice-Marshal George Daly, of R.A.F. Maintenance Command, got the O.B.E.



A father and son at the investiture were Air Commodore J. N. Boothman, decorated with the C.B. and D.F.C., and Flying Officer P. J. Boothman, who received the D.F.C. Air Commodore Boothman, winner of the Schneider Trophy in 1931, took part in the first British air raid of the war



Dame Vera Laughton Mathews, director of the W.R.N.S., was made a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire, in recognition of her work over a number of years. Her daughter, Elvira, and her sons, Christopher and David, went with her to the Palace



Three members of one family were decorated. Major Anthony Noble, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, received the M.C.; his wife was awarded the O.B.E. for work at H.Q., Middle East; and his brother, Major Nigel Noble, Black Watch, also had the M.C.

#### Investiture Pictures at Buckingham Palace. Some of the People Who Were Decorated



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Masterpiece into Rubbish

By James Agate

SOMETIME in the summer of 1941 Patrick Hamilton wrote what I held then, and still hold, to be a Corker. The title of the book was *Hangover Square*. The essence of the story was the disintegration of middle-class riff-raff through drink and excesses, following the example set them by their social betters. This requires time; and in taking for his period the year of Chamberlain's visit to Munich the author was sticking close to sociological truth. Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies* was set in the later twenties, and since it takes some ten years for the non-fashionable parts of London to grow their counterpart of the vicious babies of Mayfair, Hamilton's story was right in date and also in place; this being the dingier purlieus of Earl's Court.

wastrels whose whole employment is drink and whose whole world is bounded by motor-cars, road-houses and night-clubs. The only weakness of the book was to make George a schizophrenic, for though in cold blood, and when he was in what he was pleased to call his right mind, he decided to kill Netta, he had to wait for the schizophrenic fit to enable him to carry out his resolve. The book contained one scene which instantly marked it out for the cinema. Bone had at last succeeded in persuading Netta to spend a week-end with him at Brighton, though "quite nicely, of course," as Jean Cadell said in the musical comedy. Netta agreed, because she was too cheap to refuse a cheap week-end, and on condition that Bone paid some fifteen pounds'

with a symphonic background and, to his actual credit, a sonata and part of a piano concerto. What we hear of this has nothing whatever to do with the early years of this century; it is the purest Bartók with trimmings of Lisztian *chichi*. Netta (Linda Darnell) is no longer a cheap little thing with an eye to the pictures, but an expensive young woman with lovely clothes and some reputation as a diseuse. She is not the sort to go in for cheap week-ends, and her bills, if she has any, run into hundreds. Why, then, does Bone murder her? Because he is a schizophrenic and has already murdered several other people, and tried to murder Barbara Chapman (Faye Marlowe), the daughter of the distinguished conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra (Alan Napier). In the novel Bone commits suicide; in the film he goes mad at two reprises. The first attack comes on during the performance of the concerto at an evening party in the conductor's drawing-room which is large enough to accommodate the entire Philharmonic Orches-



"*Hangover Square*" is based on the novel by Patrick Hamilton, but as James Agate says on these pages, the film version has almost nothing to do with the novel. The film is illustrated pictorially above. On the left Laird Cregar is seen as George Bone. Bone is a talented composer whose genius is helped and encouraged by the interest shown by Sir Henry Chapman (Alan Napier). Bone's only disability is the periodical "blankness" which from time to time obliterates memory from consciousness. Centre: the psychiatrist (George Sanders), consulted by Bone on his disability, warns Barbara Chapman (Faye Marlowe) that George is not responsible for his actions during his "blank" periods. Right: Bone bids good night to Netta, a singer (Linda Darnell), with whom he has fallen violently in love, and whom he murders at a later stage in the film

THE hero—if hero is the word—of the novel was as firmly established in a dozen lines as anything Thackeray could do in a whole book: "He had had Christmas dinner with his aunt, and he had gone out, as he had told her, to 'walk it off.' He wore a light raincoat. He was thirty-four, and had a tall, strong, beefy, ungainly figure. He had a fresh, red complexion and a small moustache. His eyes were big and blue and sad and slightly bloodshot with beer and smoke. He looked as though he had been to an inferior public school and would be pleased to sell you a second-hand car. Just as certain people look unmistakably horsey, bear the stamp of Newmarket, he bore the stamp of Great Portland Street." There are thousands of George Harvey Bones to be met with in the saloon bars of public houses on every day of the week and twice on Sundays. On the fifth page of this book Bone decided to murder Netta Longden. Why? Because he was in love with her and because—to use a common word for a common thing—she was a heartless little tart.

THE atmosphere of the book was implicit in the title. The characters were all youngish

worth of pressing bills and preceded her to Brighton to arrange hotel accommodation. She promised to arrive at 6.5. She turned up one hour later, and by this time Bone was doubly giddy, first with drink and second because, like another and more famous lover, expectation whirled him round. Finally the train arrived and Netta got out accompanied by one of her admirers and a strange young man. The slightly swaying Bone said: "I didn't know it was going to be a binge." To which Netta replied: "You don't think I could stand you alone, my sweet Bone, do you?" Yes, it was a mistake to drag in schizophrenia; Netta had it coming to her anyhow. I remember closing the book and ringing up a film-magnate—only to hear that it had already been sold to Hollywood.

THE film version at the Tivoli Theatre has almost nothing to do with Hamilton's novel; only the title and the schizophrenia remain. First the date is changed from 1938 to 1903. Next the milieu is changed from the drab streets of Earl's Court to the smart reaches of Chelsea. Bone is no longer a motor-salesman but has become a high-class composer (Laird Cregar)

tra! "Excuse me," says the composer in the middle of the complicated first movement, "I'm afraid I'm not well." And beckoning to Barbara, he asks her to carry on in his place, which that accomplished young lady does—and from memory. He then rushes from the room and sets the house on fire, returning to the instrument to finish the concerto by himself, the band having taken flight. Bang! Crash! Wallop! After which the roof falls in, and Dr. Middleton (George Sanders), who has been doing a lot of inefficient detective work—at least I take it that a police doctor is inefficient who allows himself to be locked up in a coal-cellar by a man he knows to be mad—tells the conductor and his daughter that it is better so.

THE film has one bright moment. This is when Netta, hearing the proposed theme of the slow movement, tries to wheedle Bone into converting it into the kind of rubbish the modern film demands for its theme-song, the words proposed by Netta being: "We're so near to paradise, we can reach for a star." The laugh? This is when Netta pleads: "It's only a little theme; the concerto won't miss it."



ONE more thing. Apart from one tiny shot, no drink is consumed, and everybody in the film might be teetotal. The atmosphere of that kind of saloon bar which reeks of yesterday's fag and fumes is at no time suggested, nor is there any hint anywhere of that hangover which thickens every page of Hamilton's little masterpiece of frowst. In a word, this is the worst betrayal of a first-class novel that I ever remember, and I advise readers who have seen the film to compare it with the admirable original of which copies are still obtainable. I know, because I made it my

business to inquire. Messrs. Constable publish.

Is it because China is one of the world's largest and flattest countries that it is responsible for some of the world's longest and flattest films? *The Keys of the Kingdom* (Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion) is all about a Chinese missionary (Gregory Peck), meaning a missionary to and not from China. It is also about some sort of Chinese revolution, and I can only imagine that Dr. Cronin turned up the articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica on "China," "Missionaries" and "War

(Civil)" and lumped all three together. The picture lasts for two hours and seventeen minutes, and if it were not for an agreeable performance by a Chinese actor called Benson Fong as the missionary's boy, it would be quite unendurable. To be perfectly candid, after a vigil of some two hours my powers of endurance went phut.

LET me urge readers not to miss the revival of *Quai des Brumes* at the Academy. This is a little masterpiece which cost about twopence to make and shows up the week's other productions in all their tediousness and falsity.

## Good Works and Bad

A Missionary in China

A Murderer in London



The end of Father Francis's life is spent in Tweedside where he was born. The film opens with a visit from the Bishop's representative, Monsignor Sleeth (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) and then proceeds to turn back the pages of the Father's earlier life



Father Francis (Gregory Peck) has dedicated his life to the Chinese. At Pai-Tan he builds a mission house, tending the sick as well as teaching the children, and with the aid of Mother Maria-Veronica (Rosa Stradner) doing a wonderful work

● "*The Keys of the Kingdom*" is another film based on a best-seller, this time by A. J. Cronin. It is the story of a priest, Father Francis Chisholm, born in poverty in the town of Tweedside, Scotland, and his life in the Far East as a missionary to the Chinese. The film, which is directed by John M. Stahl, is now showing at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and at the Marble Arch Pavilion



Father Francis saves the life of a small boy, son of a wealthy mandarin. Mr. Chia (Leonard Strong) is everlastingly grateful and does everything in his power to help Father Francis in his uphill work among the people



A visit from an old friend of his boyhood days, Dr. Willie Tulloch (Thomas Mitchell), brings great joy to Francis. Unfortunately his pleasure is short-lived for Tulloch is killed by bandits shortly after his arrival at the mission



# The Theatre

"Madame Louise" (Garrick)

CAN any farce be called good that comes three times to the same climax? Perhaps not; but happily the drolls in the case, Mr. Alfred Drayton and Mr. Robertson Hare, are richer than the drollery invented for them and, as it turns out, they can well afford the defects of Mr. Vernon Sylvaïne's *Madame Louise*.

Some who share Mr. Drayton's pagan joy in the beauty of what the prim consider shocking may see nothing defective in the repetition of a good thing, which comes about in this way. A more orthodox salesman than Mr. Hare never lent decorum to a gown shop, but he is in his off-hours, a bit of a revolutionary. He has put together the Three-in-One-Dress, and expects a fortune from the idea. This dress may be worn on a spring morning in Bond Street; after a trifling readjustment has been made it will grace a fashionable tea party; and another surreptitious twitch should transform it to an evening gown. Sublimely simple and cheap! From the Bond Street stroll to the tea party is an easy transition, but trouble comes over the final twitch, for the dress, whenever exhibited by its proud inventor, invariably leap-frogs the dinner party and anticipates bedtime. In other words, the wearer is left like Hebe.

"... when her zone  
Slipt its golden clasp, and down  
Fell her kirtle to her feet."

Three times may be too often even for such a good thing as this, but that is a matter of taste, and if each fresh catastrophic revelation pleases you as much as it pleases Mr. Drayton, a bookmaker delightfully in love with the vulgar world, then you can have no serious word of complaint against Mr. Sylvaïne. For

he has done the main part of his job extraordinarily well. He has placed Mr. Drayton in exactly the right relation to Mr. Hare. A bookmaker seeming to have stepped straight out of a Brighton bar, he has taken over in payment for a gambling debt the old-fashioned and almost bankrupt gown shop of Madame Louise. With the shop go the staff—Mr. Hare, a salesman whose manner



Trouble in the gown shop of Madame Louise: Harriette Johns as Pearl, Alfred Drayton as Mr. Trout, and Robertson Hare as Mr. Mould



Wolves in sheep's clothing? Alfred Drayton disguised as Madame Louise, Robertson Hare as her son

sums up all that the Victorians understood by salesmanship, and Miss Lesley Brook, a pretty young assistant for whose delicate feelings Mr. Hare shows a fine chivalrous regard. This promising relationship having been established, the comedians may be said to do the rest. For what distinguishes them from other comedians in the first flight today is that they always seem much nearer certain dissimilar types familiar to all of us in real life; and farcical comedy flows naturally from their being brought together. Mr. Leslie Henson and Mr. Sidney Howard suggest at the height of their fooling, the creatures of a La Fontaine fantasy: we seem to be looking through aquarium glass at odd fish

which have suddenly taken it into their heads to mock human beings. Mr. Ralph Lynn is satisfied to repeat the conventional caricature of the monocled ninny. But the character Mr. Drayton delights to present is intensely human, familiar and funny. It seems to spring from long and loving observation of the jolly blustering vulgarians to be seen in dozens at Richmond and Brighton who are always ready for a drink or a bet or a practical joke. Outwardly so confident, masters of that ultra-genial salesmanship which tells every one but the victim that a pup is about to be sold, they are inwardly a little timid. They live in terror of their wives, and when their sins are near to finding them out they look desperately round for someone like Mr. Hare to whom they can pass the buck.

Mr. Hare is equally real—the upright churchwarden who is yet a man and a brother. An absurdly rigid sense of chivalry and the hope of moderate gain draw him inevitably into the companionship of men as evil as Mr. Drayton. The amusingness of this entertainment is that the jokes are always in character, and the impression we cannot help receiving is that if a merciful providence did not keep men like Mr. Drayton and men like Mr. Hare apart in real life, this is the sort of thing that would happen to them. Mr. D. would trap Mr. H. into making dishonourable proposals to his heavy dragoon of a wife and, himself disguised in matronly velvet, watch the other lose his trousers in a horrid glare of publicity.

A.V.C.

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Evasive measures: Mr. Trout disguised in a borrowed hat and coat seeks to deceive his wife (Ruth Maitland) under the astonished gaze of Mr. Mould





A woman believed to be Laura Hunt has been murdered. The detective Mark (Robert Beatty) listens to Laura's admirer, Lydecker (Raymond Lovell), and her fiancé, Shelby Carpenter (Leslie Bradley), extolling her virtues

## Cherchez La Femme

A Case of Mistaken Identity Complicates the Solution of "Laura"



Laura (Sonia Dresdel) returns to her flat to find it occupied by the police. She knows nothing of her reported death until told by Mark. Mutually attracted, Mark and Laura talk throughout the night seeking some clue which may identify the body of the unknown, murdered girl

● Vera Caspary's *Laura*, first written as a thriller-novel, was a best-seller in the States. It was adapted for the screen and has now been rewritten as a play by the author and George Sklar, and is presented by Jack de Leon at St. Martin's Theatre. Sonia Dresdel takes the name-part with Raymond Lovell as Waldo Lydecker, Robert Beatty as Mark McPherson, Leslie Bradley as Shelby Carpenter, and Maire O'Neill as Bessie Clary

Photographs by John Vickers



Laura's unexpected return to the land of the living is too much for the elegant Lydecker (Robert Beatty, Sonia Dresdel, Raymond Lovell, Peter Hammond)



The play, which opens on a crime, comes near to closing on a second murder. Someone is determined to kill Laura. But who? The murderous hand is lifted; the murderer comes slowly into view. It is—?





### Lady Louis Mountbatten in Gibraltar

En route for the Far East to inspect Red Cross and St. John organisations, Lady Louis Mountbatten, passing through Gibraltar, took the opportunity to see the Red Cross comforts store at Government House. With her is Lady Eastwood, wife of the Governor of Gibraltar

THE TA  
AND BYST  
MARCH 7  
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### Film Premiere Committee Meeting

Lord Southwood is president of the committee of the film version of "Blithe Spirit," to be given at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on April 5th, in aid of the Film Industry benevolent fund. He is seen with Maud Duchess of Wellington, a vice-president, and Lady Waddilove, who replaced Miss Phyllis Calvert as chairman

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Dinner Party

To mark the outstanding nature of the Yalta Conference, the King invited Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and Mr. Anthony Eden to dine with him and the Queen on the first night after the two British representatives had got back to London from their journeyings. Mrs. Eden was unable to be present, as she was still in Paris.

Both the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary had private audiences of His Majesty beforehand, at which they doubtless told him additional details of the inner working of the Conference to supplement what he already knew from the official dispatches and from the British Chiefs of Staff, whom he had seen a few days previously. It was, by the way, a slight indisposition which kept Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, the First Sea Lord, from being present with his colleagues of the

Army and the R.A.F. on that occasion, an indisposition from which he has now completely recovered.

### Heir to the Throne

"HEIR TO THE THRONE," the first film of Princess Elizabeth, which is to be shown with the approval of Her Majesty, is a composite affair, including many familiar shots of H.R.H. taken from the news-reels of the time. But main interest will centre on the later pictures, taken privately at Windsor Castle by special permission of the King and Queen, which show the Princess in her everyday home surroundings, telephoning in her study, reading correspondence and listening to an announcement of her own birthday on her radio set. Like her mother, the Princess has lovely skin and delicate colouring, which are lost in the film camera, but none the less the film has caught a good deal

of the quiet, un-selfconscious charm of the Princess, and will serve as an unusual introduction to millions of her future subjects when it is shown throughout the Empire.

This is the only public film of the Princess in existence, but there are a great number of other cine-studies of H.R.H. from her very early days, which are never likely to be seen by the public. They are the reels taken at 145, Piccadilly, Royal Lodge and other places by the King, who for many years was a very keen amateur cine-photographer—and a very successful one, too. Before he came to the Throne, the King used frequently to entertain his guests at home to showings of the films he had taken himself, and he continued the practice of carrying his cine-camera with him on all sorts of occasions right up to the beginning of the war.

### Committee Meeting

LORD SOUTHWOOD presided over the very successful first committee meeting for the world premiere of the film version of Noel Coward's play *Blithe Spirit*, which is to be shown in Technicolor at the Odeon Theatre on Thursday, April 5th, in aid of a "Benevolent Fund for the Film Industry" for the benefit of all those working in the film industry in any capacity.

Lady Waddilove took the chair in the absence of the chairman, Miss Phyllis Calvert, who was giving her first television performance on the Forces programme that afternoon. Lord Southwood, as President of the Committee, made an excellent speech, and said that he hoped everyone would work really hard to make this premiere a tremendous success. The film industry are always ready to help with any deserving cause, and have given many premieres and raised thousands of pounds in aid of every kind of charity: now it is our turn to help them in their own good cause. He said that owing to the generosity of Mr. Arthur Rank and his directors, every penny that was raised would go to the fund, as Mr. Rank had not only given the film and the theatre that night, but was also paying all the expenses incurred in organising the premiere.

The Hon. Anthony Asquith, himself a successful film producer, spoke with great feeling for the people who work on films, and said that all the dangerous feats one sees on the screen are not always faked, and that many people taking part take great risks daily. He gave an example of how a camera-man and several technicians lost their lives some months ago doing an explosion scene. Added to this there are the risks our cinema men take every day on the battle-fronts, on land, sea and in the air, to give us true and realistic pictures. Mr. Asquith suggested a target of £15,000 for the premiere.

### Supporting the Fund

DURING the afternoon the magnificent sum of nearly £4,000 was raised by donations and the sale of tickets, a record, I believe, for



### Admiralty House Reception

The Board of Admiralty entertained Naval officers of twelve Allied nations at a recent reception. Above are Lady Kennedy-Purvis, wife of the Deputy First Sea Lord, Vice-Admiral W. A. Glassford, U.S.N., and Vice-Admiral D. W. Boyd, Fifth Sea Lord



### Red Army Day Party

A reception was held by the Soviet Ambassador and Mme. Gusev at the Soviet Embassy to celebrate the twenty-seventh anniversary of the Red Army. Mrs. Randolph Churchill, daughter-in-law of the Prime Minister, was one of the guests, and is seen shaking hands with the host





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### A Couple of Dinner Parties in Two Popular London Restaurants

Swabe

A youthful party at the Bagatelle included Mr. L. Rook, Miss Katherine Harrison-Wallis, Mr. Robin Tudsbury, Miss Margaret Ewart, Mr. John Ewart and Miss Vera Seymour-Allen. They were having a short drink before dinner

Round a table at the Mirabell before dinner were Mrs. R. C. Jenkinson, Lord Cowdray and a friend, the Hon. Mrs. F. A. Murray, Col. and the Hon. Mrs. John Lakin. Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Lakin are Lord Cowdray's sisters

a first committee meeting and a wonderful start towards the target. Mr. Thornton made a big donation on behalf of Mr. Arthur Rank, who was not able to be present, and other donations came from Mr. Del Guidice, of Two Cities' Films, Mr. Louis Krohnberg, Mrs. Warren Pearl and Lady Waddilove, who also bought fifty tickets to be distributed amongst the Services, a very kind and thoughtful gesture.

Other members of the Committee who took tickets were Lord Southwood, the Hon. Anthony Asquith, Maud Duchess of Wellington (who looked charming in red), Lady Newborough (who had some magnificent orchids pinned on her black velvet suit) and Lady Wilkinson. Lady Meyer, looking very pretty, was there with her mother, Mrs. Knight; she had just come up from Midhurst, where her husband, Sir Anthony Meyer, is in hospital recovering from the serious wounds he received in Normandy in June, when a shell burst near his headquarters and shrapnel entered his lung. After

many operations to remove the shrapnel, he is now happily making good progress. Lady Meyer has taken a house at Datchet near her mother, where she is living with her two small children, dividing her time for the moment between there and Midhurst. Others who bought tickets were Lady Headley, who was in town for a few days staying with Lady Bowater, the Hon. Mrs. Brooke, Lady Standing, the Hon. Mrs. Tollemache and Miss Flora Lion. Tickets, which vary in price from half a guinea to ten guineas, can be obtained for this premiere from Miss Phyllis Calvert, 79, Davies Street, Mayfair, W.1.

### Windsor Steeplechases

THE Royal Windsor Racecourse Executive held the second and last of their very successful steeplechase meetings in glorious weather, with another very big crowd. There were eleven races in the programme, the first and last of these being won by Mr. Vic Oliver



### Table for Two

Swabe

The Duke of Grafton was dining with his wife at another table. He married Mrs. Rita Currie, widow of Lt.-Cdr. J. T. Currie, last summer. His heir, Lord Euston, is in the Grenadiers

with his horses The Reel and Ragbery, ridden by R. Smyth and "Frenchie" Nicholson respectively. These were Mr. Oliver's first successes over the sticks.

The high spot of the afternoon was the Boveney Steeplechase, with most of the Gold Cup aspirants competing. Mrs. Keith Cameron, who was looking very attractive in a bright scarlet hat, was delighted to see her good horse Schubert win this race by a neck, from Poet Prince—a wonderful finish to a three-miles chase and a great achievement for Schubert, as he was carrying top weight, and beat such well-known horses as Paladin, Black Brother and Lord Stalbridge's Bogskar, who won the last Grand National.

### People There

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, who was making her first appearance on a racecourse since the birth of her baby daughter in January, was accompanied by Lady Helen Vivian-Smith, Lord Rosebery's only daughter; Lady Delamere, who was wearing a full-length red fox coat, had on very natty suede anklets, which kept her feet warm and were much envied by her friends; and Sir Eric Ohlson was enjoying an afternoon's "chasing" in the south for a change. Sir Eric owns the Guineas and Derby favourite Dante, which he says has

(Concluded on page 312)



### Scottish Wedding in London

Thomson, Ayrshire

Major Simon Fergusson, son of Gen. Sir Charles and Lady Alice Fergusson, of Kilkerran, married Miss Auriole Hughes-Onslow, daughter of Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. Hughes-Onslow, of Alton Albany, Barr, Ayrshire, at Holy Trinity, Brompton. In front: the bride and bridegroom and the bridesmaids. Behind: Gen. Sir Charles and Lady Alice Fergusson, Brig. Bernard Fergusson and Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. Hughes-Onslow





Sir Christopher and Lady Codrington were at the Dunn—Nutting wedding. Their home is The Old Hundred, Tormanton, Badminton



Badminton Church, Where the Marriage Took Place



Amongst the guests were Capt. and Mrs. C. H. Tremayne. The reception was held at Badminton House, home of the bride's uncle, the Duke of Beaufort



Here are Mrs. David Niven, Canon J. S. Gibbs, who officiated at the ceremony, Mrs. Anthony Nutting, sister-in-law of the bride, and Col. David Niven having a drink at the reception



Above are Mrs. M. Taylor, Mrs. M. Crichton, Mrs. D. Crichton, Lady Kathleen Eliot (sister of the bride), and Miss Constance Stanley, Col. the Hon. Algernon and Lady Mary Stanley's daughter, who has just become engaged



Mrs. Rupert de Zoete carried the Teddy Bear for her small son, Timothy. They are seen with Mrs. Guy Gibbs and Mrs. Anthony Nutting, daughter-in-law of Sir Harold Nutting, of Quenby Hall, Leicestershire



# Gloucestershire Wedding

Lt./Cdr. D. F. H. Dunn Marries Lady Rosemary Nutting



Mother of the bride and father of the bridegroom leave the church together: Lady Blanche Douglas and Mr. C. de S. Dunn



Col. and Mrs. Cleaver were guests at the wedding and at the reception held afterwards at Badminton House

Queen Mary was present at the marriage of Lt./Cdr. David Frederick Hew Dunn, R.N., and Lady Rosemary Nutting, and Her Majesty was photographed with them after the ceremony. Holding her hand is Davina Nutting, the bride's small daughter. Lt./Cdr. Dunn is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. de S. Dunn, of Rowley Cottage, Iford, near Bradford-on-Avon, and his bride is the widow of Capt. E. C. F. Nutting, Royal Horse Guards, and elder daughter of the sixth Earl of St. Germans and of Lady Blanche Douglas



The Countess of Craven brought her five-year-old daughter, Sarah, and Mrs. Ivan Foxwell had Zia Foxwell with her. In the centre is Mrs. Lambert



Five more guests at the wedding were Mrs. B. F. Klein, Mrs. G. Cox-Cox, Mrs. V. O. Kingscote, the Countess of Westmorland and Mrs. Hugh Brassey



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

HIGHER than Everest, apparently, is the Amnyi Machen range in north-east Tibet, where the mighty Yellow River begins. Unless a chap was recently fooling Auntie Times on this point, the Amnyi Machen must contain the highest peaks in the world.

The Tibetans with their inscrutable wizened yellow pans have evinced no desire to climb these excessive heights, but sooner or later, no doubt, a band of ramping Alpinists will arrive under the Amnyi Machen and suffer agonies in this dangerous procedure. Most of them will be maimed or killed in the process. Those survivors who can write will write elaborately modest accounts, full of barely-concealed boasting and odious spiritual pride, at thirty shillings

or so a whack. The Tibetans down in the valley, drinking buttered tea and gazing with halfshut inscrutable eyes, will not betray the faintest interest in any of this labour, still less the bonzes and the lamas in the lamaseries. And the Alpinists will go and the flowers will bloom again and peace will occupy those valleys of faroff Tibet, and in due course dust will gather in the libraries on *The Conquest of the Amnyi Machen*, by J. Roland Scrambles (Blotto & Windup, 35/- net, with 3 maps and 27 illustr.), and the yellow and unperturbed Tibetans will go on drinking buttered tea, which we are assured is the world's most loathsome beverage. *Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe.*

Fancy pouring rancid goat-butter into your tea! What a ridiculous way to behave.



"As a matter of fact, we've brought the leaflets back—the punctuation needs revision"

## Racket

ACCORDING to one of Harley Street's leading millionaires, it takes six years nowadays to produce a doctor and sixteen to produce a specialist. He did not say what proportion of these years is still devoted to crapulous pleasures.

A big temptation to a medical student nowadays, a chap in close touch was telling us, is to go on drinking and fighting policemen and hugging mopsies till the very last moment and then to turn psychiatrist, psychiatry being money-for-jam and easy-as-pie. Apart from the fun (said this chap) of getting to know a few rich women's subconscious, smart hostesses fight to have psychiatrists at their dinner-parties, as in the nineties they fought for Oscar Wilde, on account of the delightful stories they tell. Sometimes a *souppçon* of the marvellous, or even terrible, comes into these yarns, for dredging the murky depths of a rich woman's subconscious is often no joke. We personally know a chap who found human bones and fragments of Phœnician pottery at 50 ft.

Another advantage of psychiatry, as opposed to ordinary medicine, is that the racket has not yet been exposed by a Molière or a Jules Romains or a Shaw, and probably never will be, since the only boys who can do it properly are all inside and making a packet.

## Sniff

JASMINE, amber, musk, and mimosa in concentrated essence were presented by Mr. Churchill to King Ibn Saud of Arabia at their recent meeting, and we meditated on the Flight of Time.

Sahibs haven't been allowed to drench themselves in perfume since the Regency, unless we err damnably. Even the typical Victorian buck exhaling a fragrance of Eau-de-Cologne would cause a true mem-sahib's nose to crinkle in anger to-day, we guess. Cads and sissies. We saw a chilly Island nose thus crinkle once in Barcelona over a chap sitting in a café whose brilliant black hair smelt of Parma violets. Cads and sissies. He was a bullfighter of some note. Sir Walter Raleigh (boy-friend of the hag Elizabeth Tudor) smelt like the south wind over Grasse, Prince Rupert the cavalryman and Napoleon's marshals likewise. Cads and sissies, every one.

Yet you'd think modern politicians smelt in their natural fragrance like lily-of-the-valley, to see the delighted Race inhaling as they amble past, their long hairy hands brushing the ground. Pah!

(Concluded on page 302)



"I wonder what champagne at seven pounds a bottle really tastes like?"





In this cheerful party were Miss Hardy, Mr. Noel Hardy, Mr. J. V. Rank, Mr. and Mrs. G. Osborne, and in front, Mrs. N. Hardy and Mr. J. A. Dewar. Mr. Rank's Jangle Rhythm was beaten in the first round



Miss G. E. Allen, nominator of the Cup winner, Mrs. Bobs Lucas, Miss Ruth Fawcett, Mrs. K. Shennon and Lord and Lady Ashton of Hyde were watching the proceedings together on the first day

## Coursing Classic

The Waterloo Cup at Altcar, Lancashire



Here is Major Hugh Peel with his dog Bryn Tritoma, winner of the Waterloo Cup



Miss Dorothy Wright and Miss Marjorie Wright carried in the defeated favourite, Joint Command, after the final. Joint Command had a very hard run in the semi-final



Miss G. E. Allen was the nominator of Bryn Tritoma by a mere chance, her own bitch Return Always going amiss before the race



The Earl of Sefton, whose Shoebill was beaten early in the race, was with Major C. Blundell, owner of Bravo, and the Countess of Sefton



Seen on the last day of the Waterloo Cup: Major G. A. Renwick, one of the Stewards, talking to Capt. A. E. Brice, the judge

• The result of this year's Waterloo Cup at Altcar, Lancashire, came as a big surprise, when Major Hugh Peel's Bryn Tritoma landed a 200-to-1 chance, and beat the favourite, Joint Command, in the final. A son of Radiant Light and Bryn Prosperity, the dog was the least-fancied of the runners from Mr. Harold Wright's Preston Brook Kennel, and his victory brings his trainer's record of Waterloo Cup winners to eight



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

## Witch

SAILORS have their troubles like the rest of us, we thought, reading that jealous letter of Nelson's ("my senses are almost gone") which was sold for £122 at Sotheby's the other day.

The entire Fleet chewed hemp over Emma Hamilton, we dare aver. In fact anybody who ever saw that girl when, as Emma Hart, she was posing in the nude at Dr. Graham's Temple of Health and Beauty in the Adelphi recognised at once that she was the kind who is born to drive gentlemen crazy on land and sea alike. Often in Portsmouth taverns during her heyday you must have overheard conversations like this:

"Why, Jack Trueblood! Ecod, what ails thee, cully?"

"Nay, prithee, leave me, Spike."

"Art mopish, messmate? Ho, there, a can of flip!"

"Nay, friend, 'tis Cupid's dart. Let rough Boreas perturb the howling main; let Jove's reeking thunderbolts split the riven oaks; let..."

(Etc., etc., etc.; a lot more of this, leading up to song.)

O pleasing pain!

Again! Again!

O pleasing, pleasing, pleasing, pleasing, pleasing, pleasing pain!

[Hornpipe and exit.]

Then came Trafalgar, and Nelson bequeathed Emma to the British People, which maybe gave a lot more chaps the same idea, causing great embarrassment as sweetheart after sweetheart was dropped at the Treasury. And at last Emma Hamilton grew middle-aged, coarse, stout, and uninteresting, which seems to us the saddest thing about the whole story, though it must have been a great relief to the Navy.

## Mentor

A CHAP remarking recently that the strong silent men of the North of England chatter and gabble far too much was



"I hope she doesn't acquire a roll"

perfectly right. That distinguished academic tease Prof. Sir Walter Raleigh (1861-1922) notes the same thing in one of his letters:

When you travel from Scotland everyone explains things till you get south of Birmingham, and then it all stops and you rest.

Raleigh didn't say why this is so. If somebody like Gertrude Stein were making a travelogue of a typical Northern city for the films it would go like this, rather brassily:

Tha knows nowt tha knows tha knows tha knows nowt tha knows tha knows nowt tha knows tha knows tha knows...

The only way of combating this constant flow of instruction is to cultivate—especially in trains—what the Army calls "dumb insolence," sitting well back with a faint sneer and raising an eyebrow now and again. By degrees it will dawn on the Northern man that you are criticising or even rejecting his pronouncements. Aghast and utterly thrown off his balance by this, the Northern man will then cut his throat.

## Resort

TO describe Yalta on the Crimea, where the recent Allied Conference met, as "Russia's Brighton," is broadly accurate, a knowledgeable chap tells us, if you can imagine a much tenser Brighton with vineyards on the Downs and no Sunday closing, and of course no stockbrokers.

Several of the boys and girls in high-class Russian novels have a good time at Yalta, drinking sweet champagne, talking about their souls, biting their wrists, devouring each other with the bulging eyes many Russians have, and living more or less intensely on their nerves. This would hardly suit the

Stock Exchange, we guess. You can barely imagine a breezy redfaced chap in natty plus-fours stopping halfway to Hove Lawns to say: "But surely, Leocadia Ivanovna, little caraway-seed, pure subjective nihilism is simply an aspect of being?" Moreover in Brighton there is nothing much to do when, as so often happens, a girl breaks suddenly from a stockbroker on the front with burning cheeks and rushes away in a frenzy of shame, grief, and anger.

## Footnote

IN Yalta the rejected one could rush away himself à la Russe to the nearest cabaret and order the gipsy orchestra to play mad tunes, drinking fifty bottles of champagne and vodka and hurling glasses over his shoulder and sobbing and biting girls' necks and lamenting and singing and threatening suicide and having a high old time. How much more picturesque than merely sitting like a glum glassy-eyed dummy in the Royal Albion (when it was open), absorbing double whiskies and staring dumbly at Harry Preston.

A chap we once consulted on this point said Britons never, never, never would be Slavs; but that was before Beveridge.

## Power

EVER sympathetic but puzzled by the curious activities of women, we note that the so-called "Female General," Mlle. Edmée Nicolle, has just been arrested for intelligence with the enemy.

Quite a time Mlle. Nicolle had in London in the autumn of 1940, apparently, living at one of the best hotels and telephoning the big boys and organising relief for French refugees, before they "detained" her, as the charming word is, under 18B. She did not, apparently, dress up as a general or even a major, like that big cheery officer round town in the 1920's who turned out to be just a home-girl; but she seems to be a pretty imperious type, the kind of girl who Gets Things Done. D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Good heavens—it's only one of those tropical pumpkins and I thought it was Mrs. Henderson diving for pearls!"



# Coastal Command Personalities

## Five Portraits



W/Cdr. J. R. Leggate, D.S.O.

W/Cdr. James Reginald Leggate was commissioned in 1934, and is now Deputy Senior Air Staff Officer at a R.A.F. Coastal Command Group H.Q. In May 1943, he received the D.S.O., and to quote the official citation: "He displayed fine ability in training and organising his squadron, and led it with distinction"



W/Cdr. R. E. G. Van der Kiste, D.S.O.

W/Cdr. Robert Edgar Guy Van der Kiste, now at a Coastal Station in Southern England, was decorated for his work off the Norwegian coast. His high qualities of leadership contributed materially to the efficiency and the high standard of the morale of his squadron. He was born at Limerick and educated at Cheltenham College

Left:

W/Cdr. Evans, Wing Commander (Training) with R.A.F. Coastal Command, has an outstanding record of anti-shipping strikes, and has done valuable photographic flights. In October 1943, he was awarded the D.S.O., having completed three tours of operations

Right:

W/Cdr. Wiggins, from Woodville, South Australia, is Wing Commander (Flying) at a R.A.F. Coastal Command Station. Trained under the Commonwealth Joint Air Training Plan, he was commissioned in 1940. He won the D.S.O. for leading an unescorted section of bombers in an attack off Tobruk, and in 1944 received the D.F.C.



S/Ldr. T. M. Channon, D.S.O.

S/Ldr. Terence Martin Channon, of Bucknell, Shropshire, is chief flying instructor at a R.A.F. Coastal Command Station. He enlisted in 1939, and trained in Southern Rhodesia, being commissioned in 1941. His courage, determination and conduct have always been an inspiration to his squadron, and he was awarded the D.S.O. in 1943 for his work in the Middle East



W/Cdr. G. H. D. Evans, D.S.O., D.F.C.



W/Cdr. A. L. Wiggins, D.S.O., D.F.C.



# A Modern Enoch Arden Tragedy

Daphne du Maurier's First Play Finds Inspiration in the Absorbing Problem of "The Years Between"



*Diana*: "Richard, how lovely and thoughtful. I was hoping you would come in"

*Diana Wentworth* (Nora Swinburne), returning home after a few days spent in London, is welcomed by her son *Robin* (John Gilpin), Nanny (Henrietta Watson) and *Richard Llewellyn* (Ronald Ward), who farms near by



*Michael*: "You might ask Nanny, Venning, if all my clothes were given away"

*Michael finds many changes. Apart from the shock of learning that his wife now sits at Westminster in his place, furniture has been moved, his favourite books deranged, his clothes given away.* (Clive Brook, Arthur Chesney)



*Sir Ernest*: "Diana always strikes the right note"

*After many months of anxious waiting for news, Diana has been presumed dead. Diana has been returned as Member of Parliament, her husband's former seat.* (Ronald Ward, Nora Swinburne, John Gilpin, Lilian Christine, All)

• *The Years Between* is Daphne du Maurier's first play. Although, of course, books of hers have previously been adapted to the theatre. It raises a problem of vital interest to young people to-day—the problem of getting together again after enforced separation of war and of finding a common life where individual development during those years may be respected. The problem is too great for the playwright to solve, leaving the audience unsatisfied, in spite of excellent acting given by the cast under the expert direction of Ira

Photographs by Alexander Bender



*Michael*: "Not that one, fathead. We can't have William Butler Yeats alongside George Moore. They didn't agree"

*Michael and his son Robin set about getting the books in the library in order. They are still strangers to each other*



*Michael*: "Well, your of the Michael, jealous duties, recalls"



Nanny: "Hullo . . . yes . . . one moment, Sir . . . It's the Colonel" Richard and Diana are in love. Planning their honeymoon, they are interrupted by the telephone. Nanny answers. "It's the Colonel," she says. Diana's husband has returned from the dead



Michael Wentworth returns to his country home after more than a year in hiding. Unknown to his wife, he has been doing secret service work, the nature of which made it necessary to keep news of his existence away from everyone, even his wife. (Clive Brook)



Diana: "Perhaps this is the last time we shall be alone together. I want you to kiss me" One part of her life during the years between has been kept from Michael—Diana's love for and impending marriage to Richard Llewellyn



Diana's problem is not solved by Michael's decision to go back to Europe. Richard has left the neighbourhood to farm in Wales. She faces the reality that war has taken something most precious from her own life and from the lives of many of her contemporaries. There remains the hope that circumstances may be kinder to her son

what about your duty to  
husband, and cleaning some  
mildew off his books?"  
of his wife's official  
to more homely ones





Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

## Lord Latham, J.P., F.L.A.A., F.C.I.S., Leader of the L.C.C.

Lord Latham has been Leader of the County Council and Chairman of the Civil Defence and General Purposes Committee since 1940, and for six years previously was Chairman of the L.C.C. Finance Committee. Born in Norwich in 1888, when a young man he entered the railway service as a clerk, studied accountancy and became a member of the London Association of Accountants. He joined the Labour Party in 1905, and was three times Parliamentary Labour candidate. He was made a Baron in 1941. Lord Latham is married and has a family of four; his only son, the Hon. Francis Latham, has served during the war in the Middle East and in Africa, and is attached to the Cypriot Regiment. His two elder daughters, Barbara and Jean, are serving in the W.A.A.F. and the W.R.N.S. respectively, while the youngest is in college in the United States. Lady Latham has been doing full-time work with the Ambulance Service since the beginning of the war, and the blitz always found her in the thick of the "incidents" in Woolwich

## Priscilla in Paris

## Paris During the Occupation

● Between the Wars "Priscilla in Paris" had its regular weekly niche in *The Tatler*. "Priscilla," in fact, is one of our oldest contributors. Then Paris fell and our make-up sheet for the issue of June 26th, 1940, bears the laconic entry—"No Priscilla." For many dark months there was no news of her. But at last messages got through, somehow, that she was alive, well, and still driving her voluntary ambulance. Now she has come back, temporarily, to give briefly her impressions of Paris Occupied, Paris Freed and Paris To-day

FOUR and a half years since I faced a type-writer! My fingers are stiff and my hands, from the daily driving of a five-stretcher ambulance, seem to be twice the size they were in 1939. I might also add that I am dithering with such joy at finding myself again writing to those I love in England that I can hardly see straight. Snow is thick on the ground as I type this from somewhere in the east of France, but the low grey clouds and the moaning wind that blows the freezing white powder from the pine-trees in under the door, are warmer to my soul than the bright sunshine of that June morning when I left Paris knowing that the occupation of the city was only a matter of hours.

The state of the roads was such that it took me three days to reach my Farm-on-the-Island. As we crossed the Loire I proudly thought, "This is where the Boche will be driven back," but a little later we were told of the Armistice, and then, indeed, the sunshine was colder than this snow. December came before I was able to get back to my ambulance job in town. On the Island the occupants were few. The garrison consisted of stout, elderly men who appeared to be supremely uncomfortable in their field-grey uniforms. There were no parades, no goose-stepping regiments marching to military bands, and we, on the Farm, kept ourselves to ourselves. . . . I don't think I even saw a German flag in those six months.

But Paris! My lovely, lovely Paris! I arrived one evening after dark and went straight to my home by Metro. It was only next day that, emerging from the underground station at the Place de la Concorde, realisation came to me. Again snow was on the ground, but there were no omnibuses or private cars, few pedestrians were about, and the white carpet was unsullied. The skies were low and dark and a heavy silence brooded where, always, the clamour of the city had been loudest. Above the massive, grey stone buildings of the Crillon and Admiralty I saw, for the first time, the red and black Hitlerian flags.

Something happened to my knees, and I, who have never fainted in all my life, was obliged to lean against the high wall of the Tuileries Gardens while the beating of my heart died down and the mist that had gathered before my eyes cleared. On the opposite pavement I saw a little French policeman. It seemed urgent, though I had nothing to say or ask, that I should speak to him. Crossing the Place I was brought up short by a white, wooden barrier that railed off a space of some fifty yards along the front of the buildings that, I now saw, were guarded by German soldiers standing in their red, white and black-striped sentry-boxes. The agent came to meet me. "You must go round," he said. Stupidly I questioned: "Why?" He shrugged his shoulders and said bitterly: "It is verboten to approach their doors." VERBOTEN! The word that haunted and shamed us from morn-

till night. "Forbidden" to pass close to the hotels where they were quartered; "forbidden" to listen to any other radio than those that broadcast German or Vichy lies; "forbidden" to buy English books; "forbidden" to enter certain parks; "forbidden" to be out of doors before or after certain hours; "forbidden" to speak any other language than French or German; "forbidden" to cycle past a German regiment going in the same direction. . . .

What loathing one felt for those slime-coloured uniforms as, daily, at midday, German soldiers goose-stepped up the Champs-Élysées, banners flying and music blaring. All traffic must stop and stand aside as they passed.

The Boche was everywhere, insidious as a fog. In the Metro and omnibuses—so long as the buses ran; in the cafés and teashops—where there was no tea; in the museums—that were closed to us; and, supreme insult, taking photographs of each other standing by the Unknown Soldier's grave. The theatres did not interest them, but I am told they thronged to the Opera, the symphony concerts, and, above all, the music halls.

How they gorged themselves with pâtisserie during the first few months, till restrictions came and the confectioners were closed. How they wallowed in the champagne and the femmes

nues of the Lido and Tabarin's. How they loved to loiter under the Arcades of the rue de Rivoli, gaping at the frivolités in the shop windows. . . . It was impossible to get away from them. Their presence was a ceaseless source of petty vexations that were but pin-pricks added to the slowly bleeding wound of our defeat that almost drained us of hope and courage at first. Pin-pricks, however, that served to spur us to defiance, for, as Resistance grew, and the many of us who had refused to recognise the Armistice felt more and more certain that victory would be ours in the end, it became our daily duty, and joy, to fool and hamper the Boche in every way.

Verboten to listen to the B.B.C.? Laissez moi rire! During the worst air raids, the radio set was the first thing one tried to save. Everyone listened to les Français parlent aux Français or, better still, the news in English. Behind barred doors and shuttered windows the clans gathered and, later, the news was passed round.

How one fought to get a glimpse of the bulletins dropped by the R.A.F.! And how, while the Germans rushed to their shelters, we thronged the streets to stare skywards, praying for those who were up there coming from England and, God willing, returning there. My ambulance work took me to all the places where factories were raided by the Allies. Countless were the victims we dragged from their poor little spit-and-plaster homes, but rarely did we hear any bitter revilings. . . . One woman who was miraculously saved said to me: "This is only the second time I've been bombed—when I think of the people in London that go through this every day, I weep for them!"

One could write for days on this theme, but there is no more space. It is just as well, therefore, to end with the story I have just related, since it shows how the example of England helped us to bear that which so nearly might have been unbearable. PRISCILLA.

(Next week: "Paris during the Liberation.")



Familiar Sights in Paris in the Days of the German Occupation

German troops march along the famous boulevard, the Champs-Élysées. The Arc de Triomphe is in the background. In the last World War the Germans drove to within 40 miles of the French capital before they were repulsed. In this war the occupation of Paris was the realisation of a Nazi dream



The Swastika flag flies triumphantly over the rooftops of the famous Hotel Crillon. From the balcony of this hotel the American President, Woodrow Wilson, addressed the people of Paris during the peace negotiations of 1919. The picture was taken soon after the German entry into Paris in June 1940





Lt. Ian Dudgeon, Scots Greys, was there with his sister, Kay, who is Hon. Whip to the North Kildare Harriers. They are the son and daughter of Lt.-Col. J. Hume Dudgeon, the well-known horseman



Miss Pauline O'Leary, whose horse, Colehill, was runner-up in the Scalp Hurdle Race, is here with Miss Yvonne Whitehead. Miss O'Leary's father, a well-known owner, is Hon. Veterinary Surgeon to the Leopardstown Race Company



Mrs. Harry Peard, wife of the manager of Phoenix Park Racecourse, Dublin, stopped to talk to Capt. C. J. Clibborn, who officiates as Clerk of the Scales at all the Irish race meetings

### Racing in Ireland: a Recent Meeting at Leopardstown, Dublin

Pool, Dublin

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

### Front Line!

"IN these circumstances [the concentration in the Aachen sector] it is remarkable that the American Ninth Army should have achieved a tactical surprise, encountering no major opposition in its passage of the Roer and catching some German troops in their pyjamas."—*Times* Correspondent.

But why "remarkable"? For upon another occasion some German warriors were captured with lipstick, rouge and powder outfits on them.

### The Fixture List

THE disappointment which has been expressed in some quarters concerning the Jockey Club list of Flat-Racing fixtures for the first half of the season, I do not think is quite justified. The Stewards could do nothing else, because, as ever, during wartime they are not free agents. The Powers As Be are equally well justified in not holding out promises which probably could not be fulfilled. The flaming optimist is as great a nuisance as the flaming pessimist, and both are very apt to cause their friends dire disappointment. No one has any right at the present moment to tell anyone else that this war will be put behind us by lunch-time next Tuesday. We know exactly what is before us. Purely for the benefit of my many friends in the Services who may like an easy reference, here are the outstanding dates: One Thousand, May 8th; Two Thousand, May 9th; Newmarket Stakes, May 23rd; the Oaks, June 8th; the Derby, June 9th; the Queen Mary and Coventry Stakes at Ascot, June 16th, and the Coronation Cup, June 21st; all the Classics, incidentally, to be run at

Newmarket, for the very good reason that Epsom, as so many people know, is not yet ready, and may not be for some time.

### The Gold Cup

THE Stewards of the National Hunt Committee and the Cheltenham Executive are to be congratulated upon the excellent entry which has been obtained for the Gold Cup, which, in normal times, is such a good rehearsal for the Grand National. It would be somewhat imprudent to attempt to tip the winner at the moment, but it looks very much as though Mrs. Keith Cameron's honest horse, Schubert, is bound to be in the money, and that Red Rower and Poet Prince might be among his close companions. One would be tempted to think of Mr. Holbeck's Paladin, if one could be sure that he were back at his best at the time before National Hunt racing was stopped. Many people thought that he might be at Windsor, for he started at 6 to 5 on for the Boveney Steeplechase, and fell at the first fence, so we really do not know where we are with him. Bogskar, who won the last recorded Grand National in 1939 and is a good jumper, a stayer and a fast horse, ran far from badly in this event, but Anno Domini, even in a steeplechase horse, is always a factor we must take into consideration. Another one that I thought was unlucky was Major Noel Furlong's Black Brother, who came down. I am sure he is a good horse, and we know exactly the kind of magician his owner is in the preparation of a jumper. However, it will perhaps be wiser to hold one's tongue until the field for Cheltenham's big race takes more definite shape.

### Racing in Burma

A RECENT note in these pages about the Rangoon racecourse in particular and racing in Burma in general, an ex-Rangoon turfite writes to me: "We were not tied down entirely to Burma ponies, as a nice lot of ponies (Griffins) used to be imported every year from Australia, and most people had one or two." This I knew, but the main source was the little



### New Chief Scout

Lord Rowallan, M.C., succeeds Lord Somers as Chief Scout. He has been in the Scout movement since 1922, and fought in the last war with the Ayrshire Yeomanry. His appointment was announced on the birthday of the late Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scout organisation

Burman. The people in Singapore also had a Griffin scheme, not confined exclusively to ponies. This flourished exceedingly *temp.* one Abrahams, who had a virtual monopoly in the horse-dealing business in the M.F.S. and was in some ways the counterpart of a very ripe character, Teddy Weekes, an Australian ex-pug, who used to do all Bill Beresford's Australian buying for him, and, amongst others, was responsible for Myall King, who won three Viceroy's Cups for his Lordship, 1887, 1888 and 1890. Teddy Weekes, incidentally, had the best pair of cauliflower ears I have ever seen. He likewise was the possessor of a quite unique vocabulary of swear, as well as other, words. He was in existence, as I seem to remember his telling me, when Ned Kelly and his Bush-rangers were at the peak of their business career. I can quite believe this was true.

#### Cornered

IF the enemy should be so foolish as to do that which an anxious questioner in the House thought that he might, now that he is in a very tight corner, the P.M. assured him that he would get ten times worse than he

gave. This was not an empty boast. There are only two methods by which an attack with poison gas can be delivered: (1) by gas shell fired from a gun; (2) by the same kind of projectile dropped or fired from the air. Method (1) is denied to the enemy since his loss of his gun sites on the coast of France. Method (2) is still possible to him in a limited degree by comparison with the weight of the retaliatory measures which are available, even aided, as he may think that he is, by either pilotless planes or rocket-propelled long-range shell. To achieve saturation, with gas shell a concentration far in excess of anything yet achieved by pilotless planes or these other missiles is a condition paramount. Shortly put, in order to destroy the population of any big city a wide-fronted, persistent and accurate barrage is necessary. Such a thing is at this moment only possible by the use of a large force of bombers using precision methods. Sporadic gas attacks are a waste of time and ammunition, if it is casualties you are after. A one-ton H.E. shell or bomb will do more damage than eleven tons of phosgene. But if you have the power to put down 2000 to 3000 tons of

gas in say, half an hour, and keep on doing it day in, night out, that would be a very different story. Gas attack exclusively affects personnel. H.E. shell is a two-purpose weapon.

#### Docketed?

THE German is a file maniac and, therefore, I have not much doubt that he has records of the effect of poison gas dating back to May 1928. At that date there was an explosion in a phosgene gas factory in Hamburg and 11 tons of gas were liberated. Only 11 persons were killed and 250 injured. The gas cloud drifted through the streets of the city and then swirled over the open country, where it dissipated. Take the average of casualties and damage to buildings of any one-ton H.E. bomb and compare the results. The H.E. wins quite comfortably. Where, then, is the advantage, unless you are in a position to lay down a saturating and persistent barrage? This would be exactly the ten-to-one retaliation of which the Prime Minister spoke. The Germans are fully aware of all these facts, even though there are some more, of which they have no knowledge at all.



Major-Gen. G. F. E. Whitaker was at the hockey match to support the A.T.S., and with him was Major Sir Humphrey Noble, M.C. Gen. Whitaker is G.O.C. the Second Anti-Aircraft Group



Mr. Russell Vick, K.C., Cambridge Rugger Blue and one-time Harlequin player, came to see his daughter Jacqueline play for the W.R.N.S. His son, F/Lt. Clive Russell Vick, a former Cambridge cricketer, was there as well



D. R. Stuart

Supporting their respective hockey teams were Dame Vera Laughton Matthews, D.B.E., Director of the W.R.N.S., and Senior Commander M. Baxter Ellis, C.B.E. (left), who is second in command of the A.T.S.



Hockey Match: the A.T.S. Beats the W.R.N.S. Players and Some Spectators

D. R. Stuart

The A.T.S. team: (sitting) Sub. Fox, Jun. Cdrs. Peach, J. Harman, (captain), Sulman, Young; (standing) Sen. Cdr. E. J. Warwick (umpire), Sub. Mossop, Sgt. Symes, L/Cpl. Liebert, Cpl. Lancaster, Sgt. Mathieson, C.S.M. Dunthorne

The W.R.N.S. team: (sitting) 3rd/O. Rose, 1st/O. B. Archdale, 2nd/O. Heaven (captain), 2nd/O. Moss, 2nd/O. Welby; (standing) L/Wren Hill, Wren Dicks, 3rd/O. Lindop, 3rd/O. Russell Vick, Wren Hornby, P/O. Biggs. The A.T.S. won by 3 goals to 1



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## "What is a Classic?"

THE title of this new book—even apart from its author's name—is likely to catch the roving eye. *What is a Classic?* (Faber; 3s. 6d.) is the text of the first Annual Address to the Virgil Society, delivered by the Society's first President, T. S. Eliot, on October 16th, 1944. Are we to take it, from the context, that Mr. Eliot will only discuss "the classics" in the Greek-and-Latin sense associated with school? Or may we hope that he will be coming to grips with the question his title raises for the ordinary reader?

We may. The last line of the very first page is reassuring. The address—the book—really does set out to establish (and, to my mind, establishes) what a classic is. It is high time: nothing could be more welcome, in these days, than this kind of suggestive, directive criticism. Why in these days specially? Because, since the war, people have read more and been taught about books less. For young people, the peacetime lecture-room, with its rows of attentive notebooks, has given place to direct, avid, enjoyable, often omnivorous, spare-time in wartime reading. In this, the chief guides are interest, feeling and natural taste. That this should be so is excellent. But, at the same time, the wish to arrive at standards, to be certain of values, is inevitable. What are the tests that one should apply? Popular critics of past and reviewers of current literature tend, I am afraid, to create confusion by their unconsidered use of classifications and terms. The word "classic"—as Mr. Eliot points out—can have at least half-a-dozen connotations.

*What is a Classic?*, I should make clear, is not, and is not intended to be, a foolproof, domestic remedy for those suffering from literary indigestion. It is an address delivered by a great living poet, on the subject of a poet of all time, to a learned society. It is couched in language worthy of speaker, subject and hearers—and more, the language shows a compression, and an intensity—if, at the same time, a lucidity—that are Mr. Eliot's own. Mr. Eliot's theme, to which he has given thought, demands a response of thought from the reader. To make this response is well worth while.

## Maturity

THE book—in itself, in a sense, a summary—deserves better than to be summarised, with doubtful correctness, in a review. And it might be misleading to isolate any of Mr. Eliot's points. Myself, I found I reflected longest on what he says about maturity:

If there is a word on which we can fix, which will suggest the maximum of what I mean by the term "a classic," it is the word *maturity*. I shall distinguish between the universal classic, like Virgil, and the classic which is only such in relation to the other literature in its own language, or according to the view of life of a particular period. A

classic can only occur when a civilisation is mature; when a language and a literature are mature; and it must be the work of a mature mind. It is the importance of that civilisation and of that language, as well as the comprehensiveness of the mind of the individual poet, which gives the universality. To define *maturity* without assuming that the hearer already knows what it means, is almost impossible: let us say then, that if we are properly mature, as well as educated persons, we can recognise maturity in a civilisation and in a literature, as we do in the other human beings whom we encounter. . . . No reader of Shakespeare, for instance, can fail to recognise, increasingly as he himself grows up, the gradual ripening of Shakespeare's mind. . . .

"Maturity of mind," he says, farther on, "this needs history, and the consciousness of history. . . . Virgil's maturity of mind, and the maturity of his age, are exhibited in this awareness of history." Absence of provinciality—and read closely Mr. Eliot's close, just analysis of provinciality—is a *sine qua non* of the mature-mindedness necessary for the classic. Again, the classic is stamped by its "common language"; and, by that which it has in common with all kinds, and with the sum, of human experience.

Mr. Eliot thinks it arguable that English literature has not produced "a classic" in the sense he means: he questions, however, "whether the achievement of a classic . . . is, for the people and the language of its origin, altogether an unmixed blessing—even though it is



Young Peer Takes His Seat

Lord Foley, who came of age last August, took his seat in the House of Lords a short time ago. He succeeded as eighth Baron on the death of his father in 1927, at the age of three-and-a-half. Lord Foley is a good composer and a very fine pianist. His mother is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Greenstone, of Johannesburg, South Africa.

unquestionably a ground for pride." A classic, apparently, may exhaust a language—and exhaust, even, the potentialities of a people. Like one great crop raised, it impoverishes the field. Mr. Eliot finds it significant that, after Virgil,

Latin poetry showed a steady decline. "We may," he says, "be inclined to ask, then, whether we are not fortunate in possessing a language which, instead of having produced a classic, can boast a rich variety in the past, and the possibility of further novelty in the future."

## Youth

DENTON WELCH's first book, *Maiden Voyage*, was brilliantly alarming: it shook the fortress of sentimental assumptions about youth. (The more one forgets exactly what it did feel like to be young, the more admirable, as well as enviable, youth seems.) Those who were shaken by *Maiden Voyage* will hardly, I fear, be reassured by its successor—*In Youth is Pleasure* (Routledge; 8s. 6d.). Those, on the other hand, who were (as I was) fascinated, will be fascinated again. Not for one instant—in this second book with, also, an adolescent hero—does Mr. Welch repeat himself: the locale, the circumstances are altogether new. Fascination must always have something new to feed on: it is maintained, here, by Mr. Welch's having exceeded the expectations his first book led one to form. His (or his youthful hero's) vision has, if anything, sharpened—and become more demonic. There is still more enchantment, still greater nightmare.

(Concluded on page 312)

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I NEVER envy those practical, active people who regard book-

By Richard King

knowing always that whoever you invite yourself to spend the evening

worms as worms; lazy, ineffectual and escapist. For me, books are among the sweetest savours of life, and the world would be just noisy and arid without them. I might easily feel as if I had utterly wasted an evening if I attended a political speech, where a purely party politician shouted, purely party politics (myself remembering that real men and women were living and enduring tragic things without shouting and without rancour), instead of spending that same evening with some writer, poet or philosopher whose mind has helped to give us the only real significance of life—its meaning.

I think I must have inherited a love of reading; along with procrastination, and lots of other minor failings which, however, have a definite nuisance value. My father used to shut himself up most evenings with Walter Scott while my mother—whose taste in literature was far more catholic, though she read less often—continued to "wash her hands of him" as a man who wouldn't get up, get going and get on.

I, myself, am now beginning to understand the "point" which inspired his form of leisure. Ninety-nine per cent. of the people who immediately surround us—are bores. By which I mean you have nothing to tell them that they would care to listen to and they have nothing to tell you which you want particularly to hear. On the other hand, a library which you have collected yourself, doesn't possess a bore inside it. You can pick and choose your company;

with, will set out to delight you. I might, for example, have Mrs. Smith in to dine—a nice woman with all her virtues in the wrong shade—but I prefer to dine alone with Dr. Johnson, via Boswell. I might go to spend the week-end with the Browns, but I have a rendezvous with Jane Austen in Mansfield Park, and another with Pepys in London. Next week, I should, if my social conscience were not so anæmic, make an unnecessary journey by accepting an invitation from the Vicarage, but I have a pre-engagement with Henry David Thoreau beside his pond.

I know lots of people who can tell me about the Greek situation, or what the war looks like at the moment, or even what women are going to wear when the last shot is fired. (They are all going to be slim and skirts are going to be shorter.) I might at this very moment listen to the Six o'Clock News; but as I write, the ominous drone of a hundred planes roars overhead, and to "silence" them I open Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. When I feel towards eleven o'clock that my grasp on reality is becoming as difficult to retain as rations-for-one after any Wednesday in any one week, I shall command the greatest living musicians in the world to play their best for me, confident that they will never let me down until their records are worn out. And if all this proves that I am wasting my life, I shall be very glad to hear of a more worthy alternative to such quiet evenings; which still never fail to make me feel that at last I am really alive and living.

# Spotlight on Sport

## Rowing, Running and a Rugger Match



*The University Boat Race at Henley*

Cambridge beat Oxford by two lengths in the fourth wartime boat race, over the Henley Royal Regatta course. Above, the toss before the race: I. H. Phillips, the Cambridge president, who was prevented by indisposition at the last moment from rowing, and D. G. Jamison, the Oxford president



*The Finish of the Boat Race: Cambridge Wins Comfortably*



*The Services International Rugger Match*



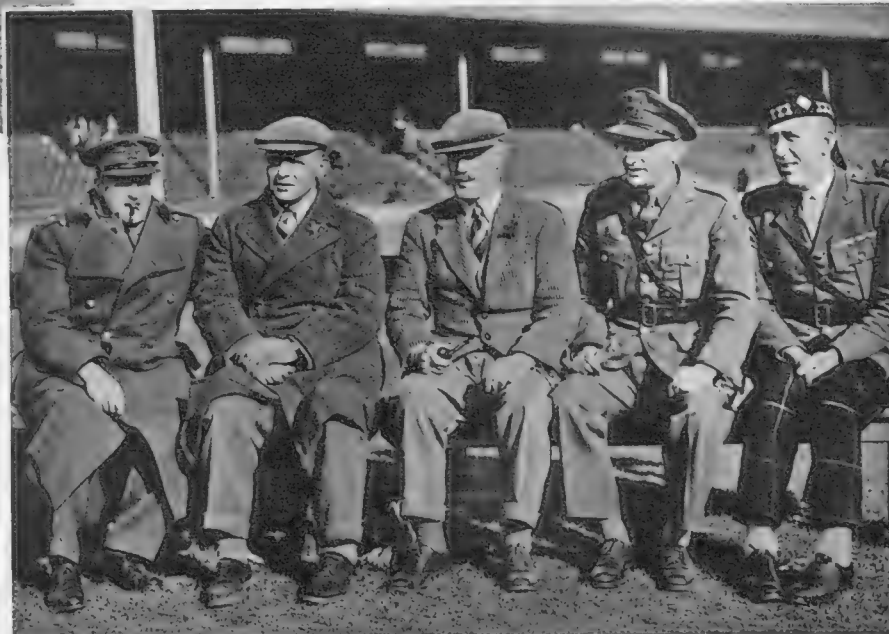
Scotland beat England in the International match at Leicester by 18 points to 11. Above, Surg. Lt. W. D. MacLennan (Watsonians), one of the Scottish centres, is seen making a fine run

Left: Lt Col. Ian Smith chatted to S/Ldr. K. I. Geddes, captain of the Scottish team, and Capt. J. R. Henderson, who played centre for Scotland.



*The University Cross-Country Race*

Over a 7½-mile course at Roehampton, Cambridge beat Oxford, with a lower score of 37 points to 41. There were eight a side, and the first six on each side scored. Above, R. E. J. Ibbotson, Cambridge, passes the tape. He was the first man home



Interested spectators at the match were the Scottish selectors: Lt.-Col. Ian Smith, Major W. R. Logan, Lt.-Col. F. C. Moffat, D.S.O., Lt.-Col. B. G. Dryden and Major A. Wemyss



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 297)

wintered very well, and both he and his trainer are hopeful of big successes this season.

Lady Stanley of Alderley, whom I have not seen racing for a very long time, was hatless and wearing an ocelot coat; Lady Marling was also in a fur coat and hatless; Sir Peter Grant Lawson, a famous G.R. of pre-war days, was having his first day's "jumping" for several years. He went out to the Middle East on the staff early in the war, and after a short spell in this country, to Normandy and Belgium with the Household Cavalry Regiment last summer.

Sir Eric Miéville, the King's Assistant Private Secretary, was chatting to Mrs. "Geoff" Harbord; Lord and Lady Stavordale were discussing form with Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky; Lady Lovat was with her mother, Lady Broughton; Mrs. Carlos Clarke, who was accompanied by Major Clarke and her tall cadet son, was looking very smart and springlike in a raspberry-red coat and hat; and amongst others there I saw Lord Willoughby de Broke, in R.A.F. uniform; Sir Humphrey de Trafford; Lord Portarlington; Lord Nunburnholme, in a wonderful sheepskin coat; Lady Mordaunt; Miss Angela Leaf; Lady Jean Christie; Mrs. "Penn" Curzon-Howe; Capt. Geoffrey Brooke; General Kennedy; Brig. and Mrs. Mark Roddick; Capt. Jack Dennis; Miss Dorothy Paget; Major Harry Misa; and Capt. the Hon. "Jaky" Astor.

## Party

Two very eligible young men, Lord Fairfax and Lord St. Just, sent out invitations, joined with the names of Miss Jean and Miss Penelope Henderson, to a dance at the Hermitage, in Dover Street, which proved a very gay and crowded affair. Naturally young people were in full force, and, in fact, the only older ones there were that indefatigable couple Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, who are as popular with the young as with their own generation.

Evening dress was general, outstanding figures being two particularly good-looking brunettes, Jean Lady Brougham (whose black lace was spangled in many colours) and Miss Patricia Macaulay, whose full, white tulle skirt had a black velvet bodice, well off the shoulders. Two sisters there were Miss Angela and Miss Elizabeth Jackson, and Mrs. John Tollemache came with her husband. There was interesting Russian food at the buffet and a really good cabaret, with Russian singers among other artists. The recently married Tony Gartons were there, and Mrs. de Lisle (who was Anne Lloyd Thomas), Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, the Hon. Richard Stanley and Lord Rocksavage. Lord Fairfax's only brother, the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, was not able to join the party as he is with his regiment in Italy, and Lord Fairfax himself was on leave from the Guards Depot at Caterham.



Christening Party of the Women's Press Club of London

Many distinguished guests were present at the christening party which celebrated the opening of the Women's Press Club of London. Among them were Lady Bonham-Carter, Mr. Brendan Bracken, Lady Rhondda and Lord Camrose



The Marquess of Ailesbury was married recently in London to Miss Mabel Irene Lindsay. Miss Lindsay nursed the late Marchioness of Ailesbury during her last illness in 1941. Lord Ailesbury's son, the Earl of Cardigan, served in France in the early days of the war. He was mentioned in dispatches, taken prisoner by the Germans and later escaped

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 310)

Decidedly, *In Youth is Pleasure* is not everyone's book. It opens placidly enough. "One summer, several years before the war began, a young boy of fifteen was staying with his father and two elder brothers at an hotel near the Thames in Surrey. The hotel had once been a country house, and before that a royal palace. . . ." The young boy is Orvil Pym; his father is home from the East for six months. His mother (who has, I think, appeared in a Denton Welch short story about a liner) is dead, and had been a Christian Scientist. Are we to have, in Orvil, a frank, open, manly schoolboy, relieving the tedium of an hotel summer holiday with some few pranks at the expense of his fellow-visitors, and one or two comic episodes on the river? I fear not. If you are to relish *In Youth is Pleasure*, you must disabuse yourself, in the first instance, of any question of liking (or, equally, of disliking) Orvil.

## Thames Valley

WHAT I praise most is Mr. Welch's magical presentation of what, to triter minds, would be trite scenes. He extracts the most from August, the most from the Thames Valley—both the month and the Valley (at any time) always seem to me to have their sinister side. As for the hotel gardens—these belong to the psychic landscape of *Kubla Khan*. The very dead bird in the cottage ornée, the cryptic schoolmaster in the hut up the river, the pliable Aphra, and Orvil's two elder brothers—these, in their different fashions, are unforgettable. I thought I was going to be sorry when Orvil quitted the Thames Valley in order to spend a week with the doubtfully fortunate Winkle family in their flat at Hastings—but I disenjoyed myself so enjoyably in his company at the seaside that I was just as sorry when he returned inland. Sir Robert Winkle, Lady Winkle (who preferred hot drinks in the hottest weather), the industrious, managing Constance, and the dreary Guy, with his too highly natural puppy—these could, where I was concerned, have filled volumes.

*In Youth is Pleasure* is what is, I think, called frank. It contains one or two scenes which may be found distasteful; and the recurrence of Orvil's more startling fixations may be troubling—if only by being startling. Mr. Welch combines a thorough knowledge of Orvil with an aesthetic authority that is not easy to challenge.

## Battlefields

"BATTLEFIELDS IN BRITAIN" ("Britain in Pictures" Series: Collins; 4s. 6d.) is by C. V. Wedgwood—whose recent *William the Silent* has, I am very glad to see, been awarded the James Tait Black prize for 1944. The book begins with the Battle of Hastings and ends with the Battle of Britain. Britain's coasts, says Miss Wedgwood, "have been inviolate for nearly nine hundred years; no battle has taken place on her soil since 1746. Only to-day battles are fought in the sky above us more daring, desperate and skilful than any fought on our soil, and destruction undreamt of by Scottish reiver or Cromwellian trooper, by Norman knight or baronial rebel, falls from the air."

The Norman—to be, like his predecessors, assimilated—was, then, our last successful invader. After Hastings, the English (powerful, blended race) in England fought one another, or crossed the Border to fight the Scots. Our battlefields are those of internal wars. Are they, for that reason, the more tragic? One would think so now: in their own time, bloodshed counted for less—more unnatural, perhaps, would have seemed *our* sealed-down, internal passions. Here, at any rate, with a fine pictorial vividness, we are given a succession of battle-pieces, from the Welsh wars, the Scottish wars, the Wars of the Roses, the Civil War. We have Bosworth, Flodden, Edgehill and Marston Moor, Iwerloch, Naseby, Dunbar, Killiecrankie—and Cul-loden: last battle fought on British soil. And between them, others—surprisingly many. To link up these battles, these different wars, with long stretches of intervening history would obviously—given the length-limit of the "Britain in Pictures" Series—have been impossible. And, in this context, it is not necessary: Miss Wedgwood, given her subject, concerns herself not with British peace but with its unhappy ruptures. She does, all the same, supply just enough history to explain the incidence of these wars.

Her account of Edgehill—with its lovely, steep, Midland autumnal scene, and Prince Rupert's new, dashing cavalry tactics—is outstanding. Nobody, in these days of Military Correspondents, can ignore the excellence of her study of war as—however dire—an art.

## Hot News

COOL as a cucumber throughout Washington's steamy July heat, my (and I hope, your) dear Mrs. Latham impedes the long-suffering Colonel Primrose in his investigations of yet another murder. Her latest adventures, adeptly as ever chronicled by Leslie Ford, are entitled *Crack of Dawn* (Crime Club; 7s. 6d.). Grace Latham's technique for dealing with strung-up young girls (how many of these have by now sat weeping, huddled, in her wing-backed chairs?), exasperated Colonels and sun-tanned suspects should, by now, be perfect—and I must say it is. Leslie Ford, in *Crack of Dawn*, is at the top of her form: which seldom shows marked decline. Apart from the interest attaching to a well-built plot, this picture of society kept, by pressure of war affairs, in Washington during a summer season when the capital is, normally, vacated, has an independent interest of its own. Car-less matrons entrust themselves to the street car. Ration books and points make their presence felt.

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## GOING PLACES

● Travelling south to spend a few short hours with husbands on leave, these two young wives are an inspiration to all who have to travel. Their practical clothes have been chosen with one eye on comfort, one on practical elegance. On the left, a tailored suit of cherry-red Scotch tweed is worn beneath a loose top coat of deep saxe blue. Suit, £12 12s.; Coat, £12 12s. Both from Aquascutum. The leather and canvas grip comes from Simpson's, £4 2s. 7d. On the right, clever striping in a green-and-red herringbone overchecked with red makes a young-looking suit with a welcoming air of gaiety; £17 6s. 6d. From Nicolls of Regent Street. The shoes, ghillie pattern, made from brown lizard with brown calf facings, cost £2 19s. 2d., are made by Arch Preserver; branches of Manfield and Sons have them



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## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

**A** SOUTHERN U.S. Senator's niece recently brought home her Northern fiancé for a family inspection. The Senator, after giving the young man a careful once-over, told her: "He seems to be all right—even if he is a Yankee!"

"But you mustn't call him *that*," the niece protested. "Remember, uncle, the Yanks are our Allies in this war—just like the English and the Russians!"

**A** WELSH preacher was talking to his congregation about salvation. Finally his sermon was finished, and then he said: "Now, then, Brother Smith, will you take up the collection, please?"

At this point an old man got up and started for the door, saying: "Parson, I thought you said salvation was free—free as the water we drink."

"Well, brother," replied the preacher, "salvation is free and water is free, but when we pipe it to you, you have to pay for the piping."

**A** BACHELOR took for himself a small unfurnished flat. He was attending a dinner on the evening of moving-in day, so he decided to do the picture hanging on his return.

He came home, with a fellow-diner who had offered to help. Picking up a nail he began to hammer it into the wall, sharp end outwards.

"Look here, ol' boy," he said to his friend, "this nail'sh made all wrong."

His friend peered closely at the nail and, after a moment's deep thought, said:

"Ol' boy, you're drunk. That nail belongsh to the opposite wall."

**A** TOURIST asked the proprietor of an inn in the Highlands if they played any games in his place.

"Games," said the innkeeper, scornfully. "Na, na, sir, my customers are none of your light-headed kind. They take drinkin' seriously here."

"ANY complaints?" asked the orderly officer, entering the mess room.

"Yessir," replied Private Biggs. "They've all got bigger dinners than me."

"Well," said the orderly officer, smiling at his rather diminutive form, "they're all bigger lads than you, aren't they?"

"Yessir," Biggs agreed.

"And allus will be at this rate."

**T**wo ladies were discussing their matrimonial difficulties.

"I'm always very careful," said the first, "to send the children right out of the house when I have a quarrel with my husband."

"Bless their little hearts," gushed the other, with a sweet smile. "No wonder they look so healthy and bonny spending so much time in the fresh air."

**W**OMEN in the Gilbert Islands have never been wholly converted to the mission-style dress from neck to knee. By signs a New York sergeant conveyed to a Makin girl that he wanted a grass skirt for a souvenir. Quickly she whipped hers off and politely offered it. The red-faced soldier hastily gave the gift-giver a large handkerchief. Graciously she accepted it and deftly wrapped it round her head.



*Winifred Lawson, daughter of Alexander Lawson, the well-known artist, has recently set out on an ENSA tour overseas. For several seasons Miss Lawson was one of the leading sopranos with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company playing roles in many of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Savoy Theatre, Princes Theatre and in all the big provincial towns during the Company's tour of the country*

**T**HE business man was fast asleep in his hotel room when the phone rang. It rang for a full minute before he awakened. He picked up the receiver sleepily.

"Long distance calling!" an operator sang out.

"Here is your party."

"Okay," yawned the business man. "Hullo!"

"What's that?" cried the voice at the other end.

"I said 'Hullo!'"

"Oh," said the voice. "Hullo!"

The business man waited.

"Well," he demanded. "What do you want?"

"Nothing," answered the voice. "Absolutely nothing."

The other saw red.

"Why, you dope!" he yelled. "If you didn't want anything, why do you call me at three in the morning?"

"That's simple," replied the voice cheerily. "The night rate is cheaper!"

**T**HE pedlar was doing his best to sell something to the grim-faced woman.

"Now, here's something," he said. "It's a bottle of poison for beetles. Every old house suffers from them, and every lady hates 'em. Here's the cure. Just a drop of this poison on them and they're dead."

"But when I want to kill them," replied the unlikely customer, briefly, "I just put my foot on them."

The pedlar began to pack up his bag again. "Yes," he replied in a resigned voice, "that's a good way, too."

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Air Vice-Marshal J. B. Cole-Hamilton, C.B., is the sitter, S/Ldr. Huseph Riddle the artist in the above picture. S/Ldr. Riddle, who is a former Slade School student, is now serving with a City of London Squadron. His favourite preoccupation in off-duty hours is sketching his friends and fellow members of the R.A.F.

### Naming Them

I HEARD a good case made out the other day against the present practice of naming our bombers after cities. It was argued that a descriptive name was of high value to an aircraft's prestige. That is certainly true of the best aircraft name of the war, Spitfire. That name was right and remains right. It has done a good deal to establish among the wider public the merits of a fine aeroplane. And the manufacturing company was well advised to stick to the name even when the aircraft itself was much changed through having bits chopped off its wings or bits added to them.

No name competes with Spitfire in excellence; but the name Fortress has also had some success. It was objected to by the purists when it was first announced.

But it caught the public fancy and has played a part in making known the merits of the aircraft. Super-Fortress is not so good; but it also is working on behalf of the aircraft. Now I doubt if the names Wellington, or Lancaster or Stirling have given much aid to their respective machines. They are names of note; but they are entirely non-descriptive, having nothing whatever to do with the activities of the machine.

By Oliver Stewart

How much better is the name Mosquito. And if the Ministry of Aircraft Production (for I cannot believe that the companies are free to name their own machines any more than the parents of tomorrow will be free to name their own offspring—it will be done for them by the Ministry of Statistical Nomenclature) were to allow it I have no doubt that the inventiveness of our aircraft workers would be equal to devising sound names for the heavy bombers. I once advocated an eponymous system, using the names of great pilots—Kingsford-Smith, Alcock, Hucks and so on—for the type of aircraft. But I doubt if that is as useful to the aircraft as the descriptive system.

### Distant Reading Compasses

THAT excellent device, the distant reading compass, has now—very belatedly—been "released" for publication. It is a Farnborough invention, developed by the Automatic Telephone and Electric Company and its essential value lies in its stability. It is not subject to the northerly turning error or to acceleration errors to the same extent as the ordinary magnetic compass. Moreover it provides the readings for pilot or any member of the air crew on a convenient repeater dial, and it provides the power to operate things like bomb sights and the automatic pilot. The advantages of the D.R.C. derive from the fact that it uses a magnetic element which co-operates with a gyroscope in providing the datum from which the heading of the aircraft is read. The fact that the reading is not direct, but through repeaters, also enables the master unit—that is the combined gyro and compass magnet—to be hung somewhere in the back of the aircraft away from masses of metal like armour and bombs and therefore out of the sphere of their magnetic influence.

I am not sure how the D.R.C. stands when compared with the newest American advances. The American papers have been publishing recently more or less full accounts of two kinds of "flux-gate" compass. These at last get rid of the ordinary magnetic element such as has been used for navigation since the earliest days. There is nothing wrong about the magnetic element—the compass needle—when you know and are prepared to make allowance for its somewhat erratic habits. As I have indicated the D.R.C. is really an elaborated and stabilized compass needle with numerous accessories. But the claim is made that the flux-gate has advantages over the magnetic needle.

### Great Circles

WHILE I am on navigation I must mention a scheme put forward in a book on the geography of world air transport which has recently been published in America. It is for finding Great Circle distances without computation. People are beginning to realize that the geographical globe is the only thing that gives a true picture of the world for air line purposes. They are beginning to know that a Great Circle track is the shortest distance between two points on the earth's surface. They are even beginning to realize that the old Mercator Projection, which hung and still hangs in the schoolrooms of the entire country, is the most misleading representation of the earth's surface that has ever been devised.

Mercator—for the air-minded—is as out of date as the antimacassar. But there are map projections which show Great Circle tracks as straight lines. They have their distortions but they are aeronautically far less important than the Mercator distortions. Hitherto, however, the determination of a Great Circle distance has involved a certain amount of computation of a kind the ordinary member of the public dislikes. But the book I have mentioned shows how these distances can be obtained with the use of a suitable protractor-shaped transparency.

I hope the hint will be taken and that appropriate maps and these special protractors may soon be made available. The book is by J. Parker Van Zandt and it is published by the "Brookings Institution" of Washington. It is time we did something in the way of providing the public with the means of seeing for themselves just what air transport can do and what differences it makes in travel.

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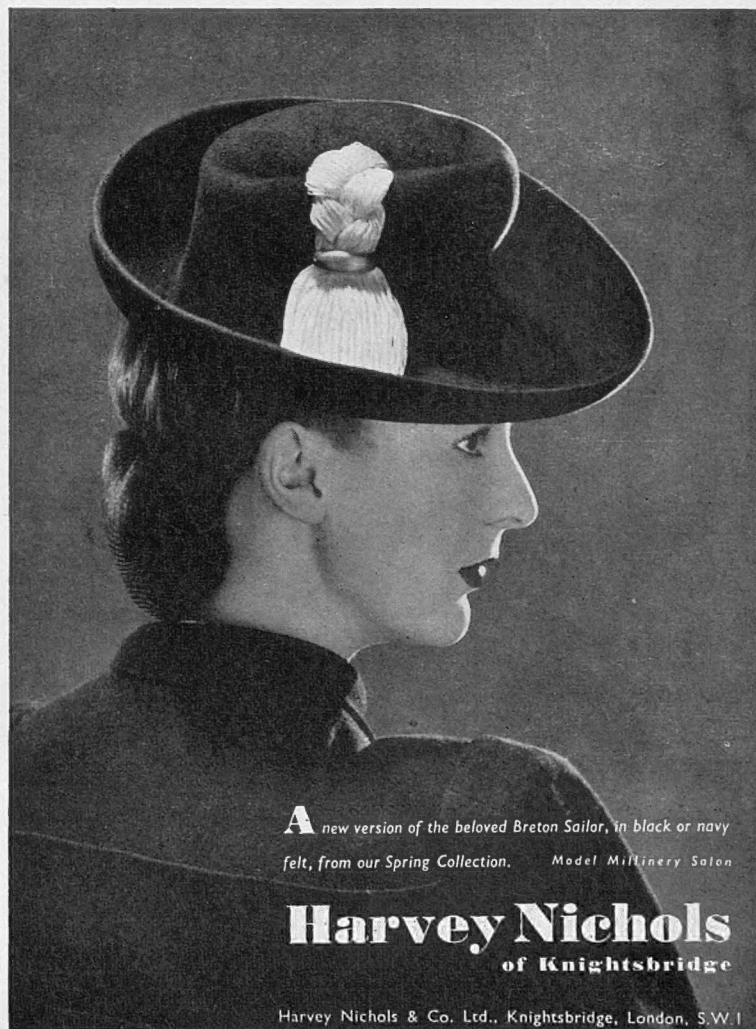


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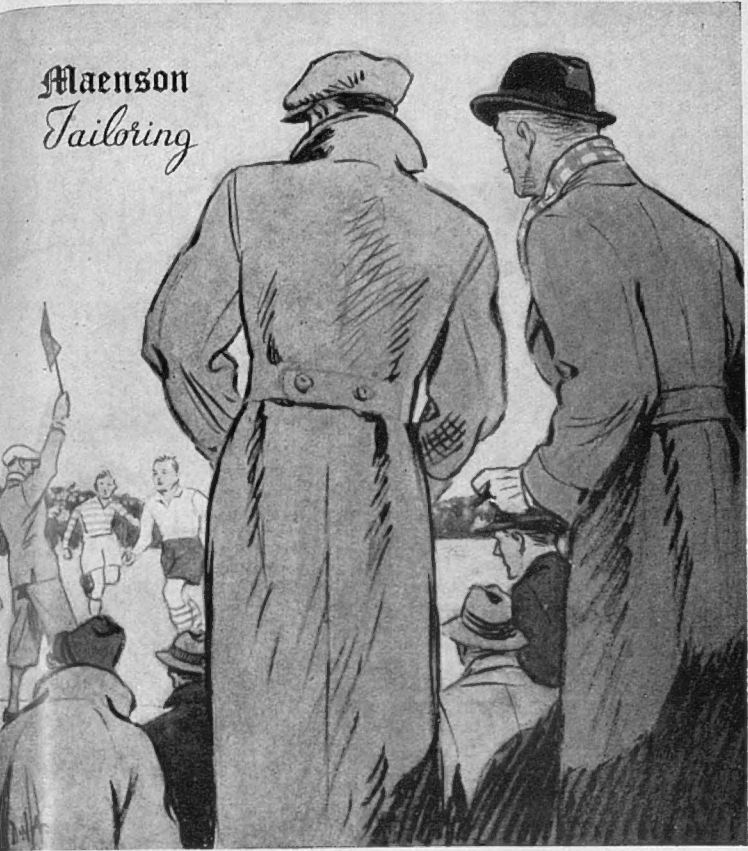
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P.638A

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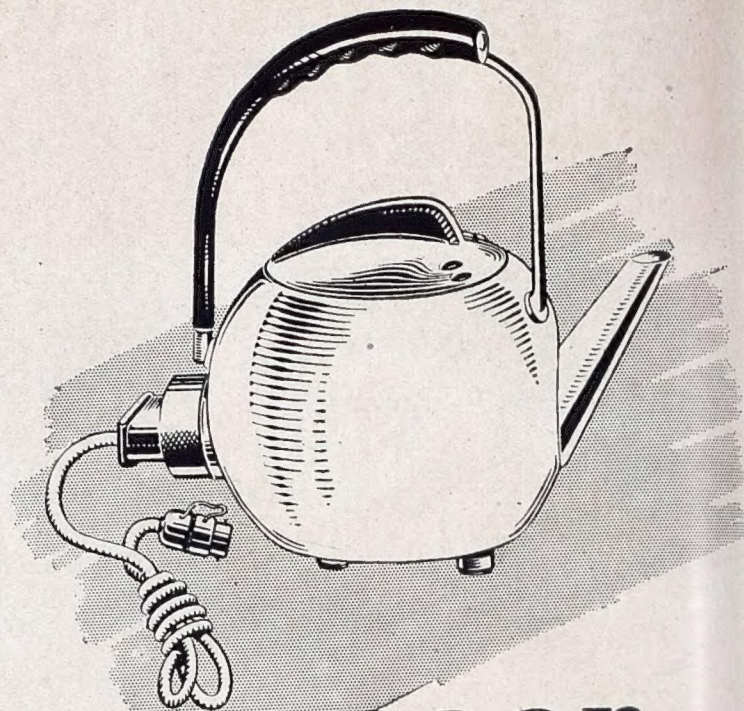
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